

LOVE in the SUDS;

A

K. Kenrich

TOWN ECLOGUE. *11630. e. 14*

4

BEING THE
LAMENTATION of ROSCIUS
FOR THE
LOSS of his NYKY.

Dixin' ego vobis, in hoc esse Atticam elegantiam ? TER.
Ob me infelicem !-----

----- quæ laudârûm quantum luctus habuerint ! PHÆD.

With ANNOTATIONS and an APPENDIX.

THE FIFTH EDITION.



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MDCCLXXII.

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TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

S I R,

THE author of the following Eclogue, having requested my assistance to introduce it to the world ; it was with more indignation than surprize I was informed of your having used your extensive influence over the press to prevent its being advertised in the News-papers. How are you, Sir, concerned in the Lamentation of *Roscius* for his *Nyky* ? Does your modesty think no man entitled to the appellation of *Roscius* but yourself ? Does *Nyky* resemble any nick-named favourite of yours ? Or does it follow, that if you have cherished an unworthy favourite, you must bear too near a resemblance to him ? *Qui capit ille facit* ; beware of self-accusation, where others bring no charge ! Or, granting you right in these particulars, by what right or privilege do you, Sir, set up for a licenser of the press ? That you have long successfully usurped that privilege, to swell both your fame and fortune, is well known. Not the puffs of the quacks of Baywater and Chelsea are so numerous and notorious : but by what authority do you take upon you to shut up the general channel, in which writers usher their performances to the public ? If they attack either your talents or your character, *in utrumque paratus*, you are armed to defend yourself. You have, besides your ingenuous countenance and conscious innocence ; *Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa* ; Besides this brazen bulwark, I say, you have a ready pen and a long purse. The press is open to the one, and the bar is ever ready to open with the other. For a poor author, not a printer will publish a paragraph, not a pleader will utter a quibble. You have then every advantage in the contest : It is needless, therefore, to endeavour to intimidate your antagonists by countenancing your retainers to threaten their lives ! These intimidations, let me tell you Sir, have an ugly, suspicious look. They are besides needless ; the *genus irritabile vatum* want no such personal provocations ; Heaven knows, the life of a play-wright, like that of a spider, is in a state of the most slender dependency. It is well for my rhiming friend that his hangs not on so slight a thread. He thinks, nevertheless, that he has reason to complain, as well as the publick, of your having long preferred the flimzy, translated, patch'd-up and mis-altered pieces of your favourite compilers, to the arduous attempts at originality of writers, who have no personal interest with the manager. In particular, he thinks

the two pieces, you are projecting to get up next winter, for the emolument of your favorite in disgrace, or to reimburse yourself the money, you may have advanced him, might, for the present at least, be laid aside.

But you will ask me, perhaps, in turn, Sir, what right I have to interfere with the business of other people, or with yours? I will answer you. It is because I think your business, as patentee of a theatre-royal, is not so entirely yours, but that the publick also have some concern in it. You, Sir, indeed have long behaved as if you thought the town itself a purchased appurtenance to the theatre; but, tho' the scenes and machines are yours; nay, tho' you have even found means to make comedians and poets your property; it should be with more caution than you practise, that you extend your various arts to make so scandalous a property of the publick.

Again I answer, it is because I have some regard for my friend, and as much for myself, whom you have treated as ill perhaps as you have done any other writer; while under your auspices, some of the persons stigmatised by the satirist, have frequently combined to do me the most essential injury. But *nemo me impune lacessit*. Not that I mean now to enter into particulars which may be thought to relate too much to myself and too little to the publick. When I shall have leisure to draw a faithful portraiture of Mr. Garrick, not only from his behaviour to me in particular, but from his conduct towards poets, players and the town in general, I doubt not to convince the most partial of his admirers that he hath accumulated a fortune, as manager, by the meanest and most meretricious devices, and that the theatrical props, which have long supported his exalted reputation, as an actor, have been raised on the ruins of the English stage.

In the mean time, I leave you to amuse yourself with the following jeu d'esprit of my friend; hoping, tho' it be a severe correction for the errors of your past favouritism, it may prove a salutary guide to you for the future. With regard to the mode of its publication I hope also to stand excused with the reader for thus interposing to defeat the success of those arts, which you so unfairly practise to prevent, from reaching the public eye, whatever is disagreeable to your own.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

W. KENRICK.

L O V E in the S U D - S ;

A

T O W N E C L O G U E .

W H I T H E R away, now, G E O R G E * , into the city,
And to the village, must thou bear my ditty.
Seek N Y K Y out, while I in verse complain,
And court the Muse to call him back again.

Bæotian Nymphs, my favorite verse inspire ;
As erst ye N Y K Y taught to strike the lyre.
For he like P H Œ B U S ' self can touch the string,
And opera-songs compose—like any thing !
What shall I do, now N Y K Y ' s fled away ?
For who like him can either sing or say ?

I M I T A T I O N S .

Quo te, Moeri, pedes ; an quò via ducit in urbem ?
Nymphæ, noster amor, Libethrides, nunc mihi carmen,
Quale meo Codro, concedite ; proxima Phœbi.
Versibus ille facit.——

Quid facerem ?

N O T E S .

* The brother and constant companion of R O S C I U S ; the Mercury of our theatrical Jupiter, whom he dispatches with his divine commands to mortal poets and miserable actors.

For

For me, alas ! who well compos'd the song
 When lovely PEGGY * liv'd, and I was young ;
 By age impair'd, my piping days are done,
 My memory fails, and ev'n my voice is gone.
 My feeble notes I yet must strive to raise ;
 Bœotian Muses ! aid my feeble lays :
 A little louder, and yet louder still,
 Aid me to raise my failing voice at will ;
 Aid me as loud as Hercules did bawl,
 For Hylas lost, lost NYKY back to call ;
 While London town, and all its suburbs round
 In echoes, NYKY, NYKY, back resound.

Whom

IMITATIONS.

— — — Sæpe ego longos
 Cantando puerum meminisse condere soles
 Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina : vox quoque Meirim
 Jam fugit ipsa — — —
 Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque.
 — — — Musæ paulò majora canamus.
 — — — Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
 Clamassent ; ut litus Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

NOTES.

* PEGGY WOFFINGTON, on whom our ROSCIUS, then her inamorato, made a famous song, beginning with the following stanza :

*Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.*

Time,

Whom fliest thou, frantic youth, and whence thy fear?
 Blest had there never been a grenadier!
 Unhappy NYKY, by what frenzy seiz'd,
 Couldst thou with such a monstrous thing be pleas'd?
 What, tho' thyself a loving horse-marine,†
 A common foot-soldier's a thing obscene.
 Not fabled Nymphs, by spleen turn'd into cows,
 Bellow'd to nasty bulls their amorous vows;
 Tho' turn'd their loving horns upon each other,
 Butting in play, as brother might with brother.
 Unhappy NYKY, whither dost thou stray,
 Lost to thy friends, o'er hills and far away?

I M I T A T I O N S.

Quem fugis? Ah demens!——
 Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
 Pasiphaën nivei solatur amore juvenci.
 Oh, virgo infelix, quæ te dementia cepit?
 Præcides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros:
 At non tum turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
 Concubitus: quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
 Et sæpe in levi quæfisset cornua fronte.
 Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!

N O T E S.

Time, however, effects strange things, as the poet says, and many have been the passions which have since agitated, and have been also quelled in the bosom of ROSTIUS.

† NYKY is a half-pay officer of marines. A horse-marine is a kind of meretricious HOBBY-HORSE, *modò vir modò femina*.

Yet to Euryalus as Nifus true,
 So shall thy Roscius, NYKY, prove to you;
 Whether by impulse mov'd, itself divine,
 Or so I'm bound to call it, as it's mine,
 A mighty feat presents itself to view,
 Which for our mutual gain I yet will do.
 Mean-time do thou beware, while I bemoan,
 How far thou trustest seas or lands unknown.
 To Tyber's stream, or to the banks of Po,
 Safe in thy love, safe in thy virtue, go;
 Yet even there with caution be thou kind,
 And look out sharp and frequently behind.
 But ah, beware, nor trust, tho' native Mud,†
 The banks of Liffy, or of Shannon's flood;
 Or there, if driv'n by fate, be hush'd thy strain?
 Nor of thy wayward lot, nor mine complain.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Nifus ait, "Dūne hunc ardorem mentibus addunt
 Euryale? An sua cuique deus fit dira Cupido?
 Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
 Mens agitat mihi ———
 Hæc iter est; tu ne qua manus se attollere nobis
 A tergo possit, custodi et consule longè.

N O T E S.

† NYKY it seems was born and bred in Ireland; where his christian name was *John*. How he came by the Jewish appellation of *Isaac* is not generally known. Whether it was bestowed upon him for his resemblance to the chosen *people*, or given him by poetical licence, may possibly be a matter of disquisition for future scholiasts.

By this most precious relick, here I pledge
 Myself to save him from the halter's edge :
 And not myself alone, but ev'ry friend
 Shall all his interest and assistance lend.
 Quaint B——, beholding the rude mob with scorn,
 Shall tell how Irish bards are gentle born ;
 Next I, to captivate the learned bench,
 Will strait affirm that NYKY writes good French ; *
 Thy timid nature JOHNSON shall maintain, †
 In words no dictionary can explain.
 Goldsmith, good-natur'd man, shall next defend,
 His foster-brother, ‡ countryman, and friend :
 Shall prove the humbler passions, now and then,
 Are incidental to us little men ;

And

IMITATIONS.

Hanc ego magnanimi spoliū Didymaonis hastam,
 Ut semel est avulsa jugis à matre precepta,
 Quæ neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,
 Fida ministeria et duras obit horrida pugnas
 Testor.

VAL. FLAC.

NOTES.

* See the Sessions-paper ; in which this admirable plea is made use of by ROSCIUS to exculpate a culprit accused of murder.

† See the same ; in which this pompous pseudo-philosopher affects to suppose cowardice incompatible with the character of an Italian bravo.

‡ So called from having not long since made one in a poetical triumphate, which gave occasion to the following verses in imitation of Dryden's famous epigram on Milton ;

“ Three poets in three distant ages born,” &c.

And that the part our gentle NYKY play'd
Was but philosophy in masquerade. §
Let me no longer, then, my loss deplore,
But to his ROSCIUS, Muse, my NYK restore.

For

IMITATIONS.

Ducite ab urbe domum mea carmina ducite Daphnim.

NOTES.

*Poor Dryden! what a theme hadst thou,
Compar'd to that which offers now?
What are your Britons, Romans, Grecians,
Compar'd with thorough-bred Milesians?
Step into Griffin's shop, he'll tell ye
Of Goldsmith, Bickerstaff, and Kelly,
Three poets of one age and nation,
Whose more than mortal-reputation,
Mounting in trio to the skies
O'er Milton's fame and Virgil's flies.
Nay, take one Irish evidence for t'other,
Ev'n Homer's self is but their foster-brother.*

§ It seems indeed to be growing into fashion for philosophy to go in masquerade, if there be any truth in the subject of the following; which lately appeared in the public prints.

To Doctor GOLDSMITH, on seeing his name in the list of the mummers at the late masquerade.

" Say should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain;
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
Such little things are great to little man." GOLDSMITH.

*How widely different, Goldsmith, are the ways
Of doctors now, and those of ancient days!
Theirs taught the truth in academic shades,
Ours haunt lewd bops, and midnight masquerades!
So chang'd the times! say philosophic sage,
Whose genius suits so well this tasteful age,
Is the Pantheon, late a sink obscene,
Become the fountain of chaste Hippocrene?
Or do thy moral numbers quaintly flow
Inspir'd by th' Aganippe of Sobo?*

Do.

For who like him will patch and pilfer plays,
Yielding to me the profit and the praise ?
Tho' cheap in French translations MURPHY deals ;
For cheap he well may vend the goods he steals ;
Tho' modest CRADDOCK scorns to sell his play,
But gives the good-for-nothing thing away ;
What tho' the courtly CUMBERLAND succeeds
In writing stuff no man of letters reads ;
Tho' sense and language are expell'd the stage ;
For nonsense pleases best a senseless age ;
What tho' the author of the New Bath Guide
Up to the skies my talents late hath cried ;†

NOTES.

*Do wisdom's sons gorge cates and vermicelli
Like beastly Bickerstaff or bothering Kelly ?
Or art thou tir'd of th' undeserv'd applause
Bestow'd on bards affecting virtue's cause ?
Wouldst thou, like Sterne, resolv'd at length to thrive,
Turn pimp and die cock-bawd at sixty-five,
Is this the good that makes the humble vain,
The good philosophy should not disdain
If so, let pride dissemble all it can,
A modern sage is still much less than man.*

MORNING CHRONICLE.

† The compliments passed between these celebrated geniuses indeed were mutual ; Mr. A. commending ROSCIUS for his fine acting, and ROSCIUS in return Mr. A. for his fine writing. The panegyric on both sides was equally modest and just ; and yet some snarling epigrammatist could not forbear throwing out the following ill-natured jeu d'esprit on the occasion.

On the poetical compliments lately passed between Mess. G. and A.

*When mincing masters, met with misses,
Pay mutual compliments for kisses ;
Miss Polly sings no doubt divinely,
And master Jacky spouts as finely.
But how I hate such odious greeting,
When two old stagers have a meeting.
Foh ! out upon the filthy pother !
What ! men beslobber one another !*

Tho'

Tho' humble HIFFERNAN in pay, I keep,
 Still my fast friend, when he is fast asleep;
 Tho' long the Hodmandod my friend hath been,
 With the land-tortoise earth'd at Turnham-Green : *
 Tho' HARRY WOODFALL, BALDWIN, EVANS, SAY, ||
 My puffs in fairest order full display ;

NOTES.

* Two amphibious monsters, well known in the republic of letters as editors of the Critical and Monthly Reviews. The latter seems to be compared by the poet to a land-tortoise buried in the earth, on account of the slowness of its motion and the clouds of dirt and dullness with which it is surrounded : the former hath been long known by the above appellation from the following humorous description.

LUSUS NATURÆ TYPOGRAPHUS.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum. VIRG.

I thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well ; they imitated humanity so abominably. SHAKESPEARE.

*In Nature's workshop, on a day,
 Her journeymen inclin'd to play,
 Half drunk 'twixt cup and can,
 Took up a clod, which she with care
 Was modelling a huge sea bear,
 And swore they'd make't a man.*

*They tried, but, bandling ill their tools,
 Form'd, like a pack of bungling fools,
 A thing so gross and odd ;
 That, when it roll'd about the dish,
 They knew not if 'twere flesh or fish,
 A man or Hodmandod.*

*Yet, to compleat their piece of fun,
 They christen'd it Arch Hamilton ;
 " But what can this thing do ?"
 Kick it down stairs ; the devil's in't
 If it won't do to write and print
 The Critical Review. KENRICK.*

|| Editors and printers of news-papers, well known to the public for their impartiality in regard to ROSCIUS.

Impar-

Impartially insert each friendly PRO,
 Suppressing every CON of every foe ; †
 For well I ween, they wot that *cons* and *pros*
 Will tend my faults and follies to expose :
 Tho' mighty TOM doth still my champion prove,
 And LOCKYER's gauntlet be a chicken glove :

NOTES.

† A recent instance of this must not pass unnoticed. In the Public Advertiser appeared lately the following quaint panegyric, suggested probably to ROSCIUS himself by his brother GEORGE the attorney.

Nature
 against } Notice of Process.
 G-----

*Dame Nature against G----- now by me
 Her action brings, and thus she grounds her plea.
 " I never made a man but still
 You acted like that man at will ;
 Yet ever must I hope in vain
 To make a man like you again."
 Hence ruin'd totally by you,
 She brings her suit, &c. &c.*

B. Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

In reply to this notice, it is said, the *defendant's plea* would have appeared in the same paper ; but the cause was obliged to be removed by *certiorari* to another court ; when it appeared thus :

Nature
 against } Defendant's Plea.
 G-----

*For G----- I without a fee
 'Gainst Nature thus put in his plea.
 " To make a man, like me, of art,
 Is not, 'tis true, dame Nature's part ;
 I own that Scrub, fool, knave I've play'd
 With more success than all my trade ;
 But prove it, plaintiff, if you can,
 That e'er I acted like a man."*

Of this we boldly make denial.

Join issue, and proceed to trial.

A. Attorney for the Defendant.

Tho'

Tho' shambling BECKET, † proud to soothe my pride,
Keeps ever shuffling on my right-hand side ;
What tho' with well-tim'd flatt'ry, loud he cries,
At each theatric stare, " See, see his eyes !"
What tho' he'll fetch and carry at command,
And kifs, true spaniel-like, his master's hand ;
With admiration NYK ne'er heard me speak,
But pres'd the kifs of love upon my cheek ; *
Incessant clapp'd at th' end of every speech ;
And, had I let him, would have kifs'd my b----- !
Let me no longer, then, my loss deplore,
But to his ROSCIUS, Muse, my NYK restore.

But hah ! what discord strikes my listening ear ?
Is NYKY dead, or is some critic near ?
Curse on that Ledger and that damn'd Whitehall †
How players and managers they daily maul !

IMITATIONS.

Ducite ab urbe domum mea carmina ducite Daphnim.

NOTES.

† The famous THOMAS A BECKET, feigned by the poets to have been drown'd, when, being half seas over, in claret, he endeavoured to return to land : on which occasion a wicked wit of the town made the following epitaph for his tomb.

Here lies

*That shuffling, shambling, shrugging, shrinking shrimp,
Tom Becket, Mammon's most industrious imp !*

* A customary method it seems, of NYKY's expressing his admiration of the acting of the immortal ROSCIUS.

† News-papers so called, in which ROSCIUS is not a sharer, and hath not yet come up to the price of their silence.

Curse

Curse on that Morning-Chronicle ; whose tale
Is never known with spightful wit to fail.
Curse on that Foote ; who in ill-fated hour
Trod on the heels of my theatric-power ;
Who, ever ready with some biting joke,
My peace hath long and would my heart have broke.
Curse on his horse—one leg ! but ONE to break !
“ A kingdom for a horse ”—to break his neck !
Curse on that STEVENS, † with his Irish breeding,
While I am acting, shall that wretch be reading ?
Curse on all rivals, or in fame or profit ;
The Fantoccini still make something of it ! ‡

Curse

NOTES

† GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS the lecturer, not the Macaroni editor of Shakespeare.

‡ What formidable rivals to the immortal ROSCIUS ? Harlequin, Scaramouch, Chimney-sweeper, Bass-viol, Astrologer, Child, Statue and Parrot ! But ROSCIUS having received a formal challenge from Mr. Punch and his merry family, a pitch'd-battle, for which great preparations are now making, will be fought between them next winter ; when there is no doubt but the triumphant ROSCIUS will, even at their own weapons, rout them all. There is the less reason to fear this, as he hath already exceeded even Mr. ———'s activity in King Richard. It is but three or four years ago since this mock-monarch died so tamely that he was hissed off the stage ; on which occasion the following epigram appeared in the papers.

ROSCIUS REDIVIVUS.

*George ! did'nt I hear the critics hiss,
When I was dead ?—“ Yes, brother, yes,
“ You did not die in high rant.”
Nay, if they think a dying king
Like Harlequin convuls'd, should spring,
Let ----- be hence their tyrant.*

ROSCIUS

Curse on that KENRICK,† with his caustic pen,
 Who scorns the hate, and hates the love of MEN ;
 Who with such force envenom'd satire writes,
 Deeper his ink than aqua-fortis ‡ bites.
 Stand his perpetual-motion § ever still ;
 Or, if it move, oh, let it move up hill.
 The curse of Sisyphus, oh, let him feel ;
 The curse of Fortune's still recurring wheel

NOTES.

ROSCIUS, however, hath chang'd his mind, and acquired new elastic powers ; in so much that the following complimentary verses appeared on the agility, which he lately displayed in the performance of that character.

*Be dumb, ye criticks, dare to hiss no more
 While crowded boxes, pit and galleries roar.
 Who says that Roscius feels the hand of Time,
 To blast his blooming laurels in their prime ?
 With ever supple limbs and pliant tongue,
 Roscius, like Hebe, will be ever young.
 See and believe your eyes—did e'er you see
 So great a feat of pure agility ?
 Nor Hughes nor Astley, vaulting in the air,
 Like Roscius makes the struck spectators stare.
 Nor Lun nor Woodward ever gave the spring,
 He gave last night in Richard, dying king !
 Th' immortal actor, who can die so clever,
 In spite of fate will live to die for ever !*

† A Briton blunt, bred to plain mathematics,
 Who hates French b—gres, and Italian pathics.

‡ The plaintive ROSCIUS seems here to have an eye to the following lines :

*The wits who drink water, and suck sugar-candy,
 Impute the strong spirit of Kenrick to brandy.
 They are not so much out : the matter in short is
 He sips aqua-vitæ and spits aqua-fortis.*

PUBLIC ADV.

§ This multifarious genius pretends to have discovered the Perpetual motion, but it must be a mere pretence ; as he is weak enough to think the public ought to reward him for his discovery, and offers to disclose it on the simple terms of no purchase no pay.

That

That upward roll'd with anxious toil and pain,
 The summit almost gain'd, rolls back again.
 Ne'er shall his FALSTAFF † come again to life;
 Ne'er shall be play'd again his WIDOW'D WIFE; ‡
 Ne'er will I court again his stubborn Muse,
 But for a pageant would his play refuse.
 While puff and pantomime will gull the town,
 'Tis good to keep o'erweening merit down;

I M I T A T I O N S.

Aut petes aut urges ruiturum, Syfiphe, saxum.

N O T E S.

† Falstaff's Wedding, a play written in imitation of Shakespeare; at first rejected, as unfit for the theatre, on account of having so many of Shakespeare's known characters in it; tho' the manager himself afterwards brought on a pageant, in which were almost all Shakespeare's known characters; when finding it difficult to make any of them speak with propriety, he contented himself with instructing them to bite their thumbs, screw up their mouths, and make faces at each other, to the great edification of the audience.— This play indeed was afterwards almost entirely altered, and got up for a performer's benefit, when it was received with the greatest applause. It has however never since been acted, either for the author's emolument or the entertainment of the publick, although the alterations were made at the instance of the manager; and under his promise that, if it succeeded in the representation, it should be permitted to have a run.

‡ Another comedy, nearly under the same predicament with respect to the town: having been performed but once since its first run, tho' received with approbation; the manager in the mean while having brought on, and repeatedly acted, the performances of his favourite play-wrights, to almost empty benches: and yet Roscius hath all the while pretended to have the highest opinion of the talents, and the greatest regard for the interest of the writer.— The manager claims a legal right, indeed, as patentee, to perform what plays he pleases; but tho' the play-house and patent be his property, he has no liberal right to make, at pleasure, a property of the players, the poets and the publick!

D

With

With BICKERSTAFF and CUMBERLAND go shares,
 And grind the poets as I grind the players.
 Curse on that KENRICK, soul of spleen and whim!
 What are my puffs, and what my gains to him?
 If poor and proud, can he of right complain
 That wealthier men and wittier are as vain?
 Why must he hint that I am past my prime,
 To blast my fading laurels ere their time?
 Death to my fame, and what, alas, is worse,
 'Tis death, damnation, to my craving purse;
 Capacious purse! by PLUTUS form'd to hold,
 (The God of Wealth) the devil and all of gold.
 Infatiate purse, that never yet ran o'er,
 But swallows all, and gapes, like Hell, for more.
 And yet, alas! how much the world will lye!
 They call me miser; but no miser I;
 He, brooding o'er his bags, delighted sits,
 And laughs to scorn the jests of envious wits;
 If fast his doors, he sets his heart at rest,
 And dotes with rapture on his iron chest;
 No galling paper-squibs his spirits teize,
 But ev'n the boys may hoot him if they please.

IMITATIONS.

Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
 Si solitus: populus me sibilat: at mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contempler in arcâ.

He

He scorns the whistling of an empty name,
 While I am torn 'twixt avarice and fame;
 While I, so tremblingly alive all o'er,
 Still bleed and agonize at every pore;
 At ev'ry hiss am harrow'd up with fear,
 And burst with choler at a critick's sneer.
 Rack'd by the gout and stone, and struck with age,
 Prudence and Ease advise to quit the stage;
 But Fame still prompts, and Pride can feel no pain;
 And Avarice bids me sell my soul for gain.

Bring NERKY back, O Muse! by verse divine,
 The Trojan-Greeks were once transform'd to swine.
 By verse divine B——TRI 'scap'd the rope:
 Now love is known, what may not lovers hope!
 Ev'n as with *Griffins** stallions late have join'd
 With blood-hounds goats may litter, as in kind;

IMITATIONS.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina ducite Daphnim;
 Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulysses:
 Carmina vel coelo possunt deducere lunam.
 Nunc scio quid sit amor ————
 ———— quid non speremus amantes?
 Jungentur jam *Gryphes* equis, ævoque sequenti
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.

NOTES.

* Unnatural monsters, familiar only with the poets.

Nay wanton kids devouring wolves may greet,
 And wolves with loving lyoneſſes meet.
 By different means is different love made known.
 And each fond lover will prefer his own.
 Strange lot of love! two friends, my ſoul's delight,
 Men call that M-----r, this a Catamite!
 Yet bring him back; for who chaſte roundelay
 Shall ſing, now B---st---ff is driv'n away?
 Who now correct, for modeſt Drury-lane,
 Loofe Wycherly's or Congreve's looſer vein?
 With nice decorum ſhunning naughty jokes,
 Exhibit none but decent, dainty folks? †

IMITATIONS.

Torva leana lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam,
 Te Corydon, O Alexis: trahit ſua quemque voluptas.

NOTES.

† NUKY was employed by ROSCIUS to correct the Plain-dealer of Wycherly; which he accordingly attempted, and inſcribed the attempt to his patron, “as a tribute of *affection* and eſteem for his many ſhining and *amiable qualities*.” “The licentiousneſs of Wycherly's muſe,” ſays this modern corrector, “rendered her ſhocking to us, with all her charms: or, in other words, we could allow no charms in a tainted beauty, who brought contagion along with her.” Of the play of the Plain-dealer, in particular, he intimates that it had been long excluded the theatre, becauſe, to the honour of the preſent age, it was immoral and indecent: that on a cloſe examination, he found in it exceſſive obſcenity; that the character of Manly was rough even to outrageous brutality; and that he thought it neceſſary to work the whole materials up again, with a mixture of alloy agreeable to the rules of modern refinement! SEE PREFACE TO B-----FF'S PLAIN-DEALER. What a champion for decency and delicacy, morality and humanity! What improvement may not ſterling wit receive from the mixture of ſuch alloy! What an idea may we not hence acquire of modern refinement!

Ah

Ah me ! how wanton wit will shame the stage,
And shock this delicate, this virtuous age !
How will *Plain-dealers** triumph, to my sorrow !
And PAPHOS rise o'er SODOM and GOMORRAH !

NOTES.

* A character thus admirably depicted by Wycherly, in the scene between Manly and Plausible.

Manly. I have more of the mastiff than the spaniel in me, I own it : I cannot fawn, and fetch and carry ; neither will I ever practise that servile complaisance, which some people pique themselves on being masters of.----- I will not whisper my contempt or hatred ; call a man fool or knave by signs and mouths, over his shoulder ; while I have him in my arms : I will not, as you do-----

Plausible. As I do ! Heaven defend me ! upon my honour ! I never attempted to abuse or lessen any one in my life.

Manly. What ! you were afraid ?

Plausible. No : but seriously I hate to do a rude thing. No, faith, I speak well of all mankind.

Manly. I thought so : but know that this is the worst sort of detraction, for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world by making all alike ! Now I speak ill of many men, because they deserve it.



Alas me! how wanton wit will shame the stage,
And shock this delicate, this virtuous age!
How will Plain-dealer's triumph, to my sorrow!
And Parnos life o'er soon and Gomeran!

NOTES.

* A character thus admirably depicted by Wycherley, in the scene between *Mary* and *Plausible*.
Mary. I have more of the man than the spirit in me. I own it: I cannot laugh, and jest and carry; neither will I ever praise that servile complaisance, which some people put on themselves on being masters of. I will not whisper my contempt or hatred; call a man fool or knave by signs and moues; over his shoulder; while I have him in my arms: I will not as you do—
Plausible. As I do! Heaven defend me! upon my honour! I never attempted to abuse or lessen any one in my life.
Mary. What! you were afraid?
Plausible. No; but seriously I hate to do a true thing. No, faith, I speak well of all mankind.
Mary. I thought so: but know that this is the worst sort of detraction, for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world by making all alike. Now I speak ill of many men, because they deserve it.



A P P E N D I X.

A Certain circumstance,* to which the author of the foregoing piece was an utter stranger, having happened about the time of its publication, and given rise to rumours equally false and foreign to the writer; it appears that Roscius, or some of his friends, was pleased to insert the following queries in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 2d.

“CANDOUR presents her compliments to Mr. —, she begs his pardon. — to Dr. — *Kenrick*, and desires to ask him a few simple questions; to which, if he be the *Plain-dealer* he pretends, he will give a plain and direct answer.

Query I. Whether you are not the author of the eclogue, entitled, *Love in the Suds*, as well as of the letter prefixed to it?

II. Whether you did not mean, though you have artfully evaded the law, by affecting the translation of a classical cento, to throw out the most scandalous insinuations against the character of Roscius?

III. Whether you were not likewise the author of an infamous, anonymous paragraph in a public paper; for which that paper is under a just prosecution?

IV. Whether you have not openly acknowledged notwithstanding, that you really entertained a very different opinion of Roscius?

V. Whether any cause of dispute, that might subsist between you and Roscius, can authorize so cruel, so unmanly an attack?

VI. Whether the brother of Roscius did not personally wait on you to require, in his name, the satisfaction of a gentleman, which you refused him?

CANDOUR.”

* Viz. The gross publication of a direct, abominable charge against Roscius, in the *Public Ledger* of June 18.

To these queries, the author judged it expedient to make the following reply in the same paper of July 4th.

TO CANDOUR.

MADAM,

“ Though I think your signature a misnomer, to shew that I am no stranger to the name and quality you assume, I shall not stand on the punctilio of your being an *anonymous* querist; but answer your several questions explicitly.

I. I am the author of the eclogue you mention.

II. I did not mean to throw out the *most* scandalous insinuations on the character of Roscius, nor any insinuation *more* scandalous than his conduct. How far that has been so, he knows best, and is left to make the application.

III. An *infamous* paragraph I *cannot* write; and an *anonymous* one I *will not* write, to prejudice my greatest enemy. As to that in question, I have not, to this hour, even seen it. CALUMNY I *detest*; but I think *vice* should be exposed to *infamy*; nor have I so much *false delicacy* as to conceive, it should be treated with *tendernefs* in proportion as it is *abominable*.

IV. I have not acknowledged that I entertain a *very different* opinion of Roscius; on the contrary, I declare, that I entertain a *very indifferent* opinion of him.

V. As to the cause of our dispute, I should be very ready to submit it to the publick, were I egotist enough to think it deserved their attention.

VI. The brother of Roscius *did personally wait* on me, to desire I would meet “ him, the said Roscius, who would bring a friend with him; I being at liberty to do the same;” but as nothing of time, place, or weapon was mentioned, I did not look on this message as a challenge; nor well could I, as I never heard of requiring *gentleman's satisfaction* by *letter of attorney*, and the professed end of our meeting turned

turned merely on a matter of business.—It is possible, indeed, the messenger, otherwise instructed, might *imagine* it such, especially as, it seems, his head has teemed with nothing but challenges and duels, since his magnanimous monomachy with one of his brother Roscius's candle-snuffers.—That Roscius himself, however, did not mean to send me a challenge, is plain, from his soliciting afterwards by letter, a conference in the presence only of a common friend to both: a request that would have been complied with, had not he thought proper, in a most ungentleman-like manner, to make a confidant, in the mean time, of a booby of a bookseller, who had the folly and impudence to declare that he would, on *his* [Roscius's] account, *take an opportunity* to do *me* some desperate mischief.—Lest I should be yet supposed, from the purport of this last query, to have any fear of a personal encounter with the doughty Roscius, I require only that it may be on an equal footing. I am neither so extravagantly fond of life, nor think myself so consequential in it, as to fear the end of it from such an antagonist; nor, to say the truth, should I have any qualms of conscience, if nothing less will satisfy him, about putting an end to so insignificant a being as his: but, as “the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,” it is but right to provide against a mishap. Roscius has a large fortune, and little or no family to leave it to: I have a large family, and little or no fortune to leave it. Let Roscius but previously settle *only half* his estate on my heirs, on condition that *he* deprives them of a protector, and I will meet him to-morrow, and engage at his own weapons, not only him, but his brother George into the bargain.*

And now, Madam CANDOUR, give me leave to ask *you* a question or two, in my turn.

* The above pleasantry being misconstrued by some of Roscius's friends to the disadvantage of the author, the latter thought himself under the necessity of seriously acquainting the former, of his being ready, as he is, at any time, to give him such satisfaction as a gentleman, who supposes himself injured, has a right to require.

Qu. I. Whether, from many gross instances of misbehaviour, *Roscious* hath not long had sufficient reason to suspect the detestable character of *Nyky* ?

II. Whether, therefore, granting *Roscious* to be himself *immaculate*, he is excusable for his notorious partialities to such a character ?

III. Whether he has any right to complain of unjust severity, in being ludicrously reproached with such partialities, by a writer, whom he hath treated, even in favour of that very wretch, with disrespect, with insolence, with injustice.

W. KENRICK."

Instead of *candidly* replying, however, to the above three queries, a very difficult task, indeed, to *Roscious*, he caused the Court of King's Bench to be moved for a rule to shew cause, why leave should not be given him to file an information against the author for a libel : which being granted of course, the same was exultingly announced in the following paragraphs inserted in all the news-papers :

" Yesterday morning Mr. Dunning made a motion in the Court of King's Bench, for a rule to shew cause why an information should not be laid against the author of *Love in the Suds*. When the court was pleased to grant a rule for the first day of next term. The poem was read in court by the Clerk of the Crown, and afforded no small diversion when it came to that part which reflects upon a certain Chief Justice, who was present all the time.

" Besides Mr. Wallace and Mr. Dunning, who are employed by a great actor, in his prosecution of some detestable charges which have been lately urged with *as much folly as wickedness* against his character, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Mansfield are also engaged, and the cause now becomes a matter of much expectation with the publick."

To these paragraphs the author judged it necessary to make the following reply, in the above-mentioned Morning Chronicle ; almost all the rest of the news-papers, by the indefatigable industry and

and powerful influence of Roscius, a proprietor in most of them, being shut against him.

The AUTHOR of LOVE in the SUDS to the PRINTER
of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

“ In reprehending the faults of other men you should ever be cautious of falling into the error you condemn. In yesterday’s paper you indirectly charge me, among others, with having “ urged a detestable charge with as much folly as wickedness against a certain great actor.”—What other people have done I know not, nor does it concern me; but I may safely defy all the Lawyers in Westminster-Hall fairly to deduce such a charge as you hint at from the eclogue in question. In this respect it is certainly as innocent as the great actor’s Jubilee Ode! But granting it otherwise with any one else, how can you take upon you to say that such a charge is urged *foolishly and wickedly*? Can you know it to be false or groundless? And if not, on what grounds do you charge the accusers with *folly and wickedness*? Why does not the CANDOUR of the great actor, reply to the Queries put to him in your paper of Saturday last? But no; unable to justify himself at the bar of the publick, he flies for refuge to the quirks and quibbles of Westminster-Hall; and even this at the latter end of a term, in order to deceive the town into a notion that the court will countenance his prosecution. Why was not his motion made sooner, that cause might have been shewn in time, and the futility of it made immediately evident? Believe me, Sir, before an end is put to this business, the publick will be better enabled to judge on which side the *folly and wickedness* lies, than you appear to do at present.

I am,

yours, &c.

W. K.

THE
POETICAL ALTERCATION
BETWEEN
BENEDICK and BEATRICE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE
MORNING CHRONICLE.

K—K, whom we may justly class in
Th' envenom'd race of *Scribes-assassin*,
Accosts the celebrated *Davy*,
With "Sir, your humble——Phœbus save ye!"
"A comedy I've newly written——
Curse me! if any bard in Britain
Can shew you one of equal merit;
Nay, half so full of wit and spirit.
You'll find it, Sir, all air, all life;
E'en better than my *Widowed Wife*.
A piece like this must always please one:
By G——d 'twill run you half the season!
Therefore, Sir Roscius, pray remember
To have it ready in November."

Garrick refus'd——*Curse me*, cries *Ken*,
I'll trounce the scoundrel with my pen.

Refuse.

Refuse my piece ! I'll make him play't, or
 I'll brand him for fair Beauty's traitor.
 I'll have him in the *Suds*——I'll maul him,
 And Bickerstaff's *Accomplice* call him.
 When I have christen'd him *Indorser*,
 His fame is gone, his acting's o'er, Sir:
 The men in a tumultuous rage
 Will hiss and pelt him off the stage;
 Nay not one female——I'll so snap him——
 Will even condescend to *clap* him.

So a young brim in Catharine-street
 A man of sober cast will greet;
 "Give me," she cries, with luring leer,
 "Give me a glass of wine, my dear."
 Then grasps his arm with seeming rapture,
 In hopes of making him her capture.
 But if in prudence he forbear
 To venture on her *dangerous ware*,
 Or to her painted beauty cold,
 He force the nymph to quit her hold,
 Th' indignant brim exclaims aloud,
 T' exasperate the passing crowd;
 And, in most diabolic spite,
 Pronounces him a Sodomite.

BENEDICK.

To BENEDICK.

G——K, whom men, of ev'ry class, call
 A shuffling, avaricious *r-sc-l*,
 For full five years had K——k fobb'd off,
 And his fair name and fortune robb'd of;

Allowing

Allowing *Falstaff's* *Wedding* merit,
 And sworn to get it up with spirit,
 Yet shrinking back, from year to year,
 Thro' meanness, or invidious fear,
 Left any other should be thought
 By Shakespeare's genius to be taught,
 Prior engagements still pretending,
 Which K——k finding still no end in;
 Each mushroom produce of the season
 To put off him still made a reason,
 Resolv'd at length its fate to know
 He claims an answer, yes, or no:
 Bent, as in G——k there no trust is,
 To do himself poetic justice;
 To shew for whom and what rejected,
 A piece approv'd is thus neglected.

G——k, who *sans* equivocation,
 Deceit or mental reservation,
 Mean subterfuge or sly suggestion,
 Ne'er answer'd yet the plainest question;
 Conscious of ev'ry partial trick
 He others play'd, for sake of *Bick*,
 Demurs, and threatens *life* and *law*,
 If K——k dare his pen to draw;
 Who rising G——k's fair accuser,
 Is branded as a base traducer;
 By G——k ev'ry odium thrown
 On K——k's name, to save his own.

So th' outlaw'd smuggler, base invader
 Of th' interests of the honest trader,
 His cargo seiz'd, himself in danger,
 Addresses ev'ry passing stranger;

To bring the officer to shame,
 Brands him with an *Informer's* name.
Informer, vile ! he cries aloud,
Informer, echoes thro' the crowd ;
 Boys hoot, men cuff, and women scoff ;
 Meanwhile the miscreant shuffles off :
 Thus knaves, supported by the mob,
 The private and the public rob.

BEATRICE.

TO BEATRICE.

SINCE, *Beatrice*, you've undertaken
 To save a slanderous culprit's bacon,
 (A culprit of guilt's blackest roll, and
 Unprincipled as *Jemmy Bolland*.)
 By telling us *how*, *where*, and *when*
 Dan GARRICK has ill-treated KEN ;
 Give me, good dame, I humbly crave you,
 A hearing for my fav'rite *Davy* ;
 I've my objections——let me start 'em——
 The rule is, "*audi alteram partem*."

Some years ago an honest fellow,
 As ever with sheer sack was mellow,
 Who long has plac'd his hopes, his all, in
 The gains of *histrionic* calling,
 Who now is *journeyman*, now *master*,
 (Oh may he never meet disaster !
 Was offer'd, for the truth ask KEN of it——
 Jack Falstaff's Wedding for his benefit.

LOVE

LOVE, who at genius is no scoffer,
 Makes KEN a bow, accepts his offer.
 The piece was play'd—the *audience* claw'd it?
 Not they; nor did they much applaud it.
 But as it 'scap'd the *trial ordeal*,
 To K——k's spirits 'twas a cordial.
 He bounc'd, look'd big, and swell'd: his vanity
 Was not to be restrain'd by any tie:
 He swore his comedy might claim a
 Precedence in the *British* drama:
 Its flights so high, its wit so *attic*,
 'Twou'd crown him *king* of bards dramatic.
 Happy for KEN had *Drury's* sultan
 Esteem'd his *bantling* an *adult* one!
 But——fatal to the sale of tickets!
 He said the *child* had got the *rickets*;
 'Tho' some *few* features in't were sprightly,
 Yet altogether 'twas *unfightly*.
 Howe'er to soften KEN's displeasure,
 For disappointed *fame* and *treasure*,
 He *charitably* stood his patron,
 And brought him out the *Widow'd* Matron,
 Than Falstaff's Wedding *heavier* bruited,
 Yet to the *reigning* taste more suited.

Some years elaps'd, the doughty KEN
 Applies to *Drury's* Chief again:
 He shook his head, and screw'd his phyz hard,
 (The *Widow'd Wife* stuck in his gizzard)
 "Must I, (cries he) place in my list
 "A waspish *Epigrammatist*?
 "Accept his *trash*, and be the cully
 "Of such a snarling, scribbling bully?

"I've

" I've had *enough* of this *fame* squire;
 " A burnt child ever dreads the fire."

KEN vow'd revenge, made *fame* his Pandar;
 Hell shudder'd at the *horrid* slander.

Thus, Beatrice, have I unfolded
 (And *fairly* too, I will uphold it)
 The cause of quarrel literary,
 'Twixt *Kenrick* and renowned *Garry*.

But were the Manager's behaviour
 (As you relate) in KEN's disfavour,
 Pray could it justify to true sage
 Your rancorous friend's *informal* usage?

In the next term, at least in Hilary,
 I hope your friend will grace the pillory;
 And, as he has prepar'd the *Suds*,
 My wish is, the *plebean* bloods
 May recompence the *scribbling* adder,
 By giving him a hearty *lather*.

BENEDICK.

TO BENEDICK.

KEN vow'd revenge, made *fame* his Pandar;
 Hell shudder'd at the *horrid* slander. BENEDICK.

HA! Benedick! and are you there?
 Caught in your own designing snare!
 Doth K——k's eclogue say no more
 Than *common fame* had said before?
 So *horrid* is't become the crime
 To turn the town-talk into rhyme?

To hint in dark and distant terms
 What foul-mouth'd rumour loud affirms ?
 Is satire only too severe,
 When more is meant than meets the ear ?
 So cruel is't to speak not out,
 But leave avow'd report in doubt ?
Fame is, we know, a lying strumpet ;
 And yet the muses blow her trumpet.
 Your lines would else not run so glib,
 At ev'ry second word a fib.
 Lying, 'tis therefore plain, in thy sense,
 Is founded on poetic licence.
 A falsehood all that you relate,
 Of Falstaff's Wedding and its fate ;
 Of G——k's patronizing charity :
 How ill-bestow'd so great a rarity !
 Tho' K——k e'er had too much pride
 To kiss a manager's backside
 Shunn'd, with vile Nyky to be seen,
 In G——k's train, behind the scene ;
 Yet, not so far the world above
 His labour to give up for *Love* ;
 His lawful right he still maintains,
 To what he claim'd as honest gains.
 Nor this alone the secret cause
 Why K——k his dread goose-quill draws.
 Let others crouch ; but, while a man,
 He never will forgive, nor can,
 'Till full redress'd on fair confession,
 A bare affront, or base oppression.
 Much less will he restrain his pen,
 In fear of wretches less than men :

That

That pen, which truth excites to gall
 Both the great vulgar, and the small ;
 The scourge of guilt, when Justice claims
 Its aid against the greatest names.
 Much less will he its aid refuse,
 Or tamely check his daring muse,
 Because a stage-play'r stalks abroad,
 Whose antic tricks the crowd applaud ;
 By his profession dead to shame,
 And trusting to theatric fame ;
 Presumptuous that our English laws
 Perverted, to avenge his cause,
 The free-born muse in chains will bind,
 Disgraceful unto human kind ;
 Of ridicule will check the vein,
 And satire's wholesome power restrain ;
 That Vice and Folly, thus set free,
 May laugh at future infamy.

No, Sir, next Term indeed, or Hillary,
 May bring your Nyky to the pillory ;
 Securely as you think he's closetted,
 And safe from law's pursuit deposited.
 But think not the indignant town
 Will let his farces still go down ;
 Or that with such a hateful croney,
 You still may share the public money ;
 Attempt it not ; lest, in a rage,
 The audience drive thee from the stage.

BEATRICE.

To Dr. K——.

DOCTOR, I have been out of town, or
This packet would have reach'd you sooner.

Prithee pull off your mask; for no man
Should injure that dear creature, *woman*.

In Beatrice you give a handle
To fix on the dear sex a scandal.

What lady would take up goose quill in
Defence of such a slanderous villain?

At the word Fame you closely nibble,
And strive, by *jesuitic* quibble,
T' explain away an *obvious* meaning;
(An art that *Ken* was always keen in.)

Thus a Solicitor, who daily
Attends the sessions at Old Bailey,
In fraud deep skill'd, to law a nuisance,
Will catch a word, pervert its true sense,
To save a thorough-pac'd, and callous
Offender from his due—the gallows:

You tax as *false* what I relate
“Of *Falstaff's* Wedding, and its fate.”

But will a Kenrick's *ipse dixit*
Blast my report, and falsehood fix it?

No, Doctor; he that knows us both,
Will trust *my word* before *your oath*.

The Comedy (howe'er you laud it)
I told you *was not much applauded*.

Many can witness my assertion
Is truth; not envy, nor aspersion.

Love's friends and *your's* were all agreed in
The celebration of *Jack's* Wedding;

Or

Or possibly the critic clans
 Had stepp'd in—to *forbid the bans*.
 If on the town again you'd push'd it
 Another audience might have crush'd it——
 That play, whose only merit lies
 In *imitation*, scarce can *rise*.

You rail at *Bick*——with all my heart :
 Think you I mean to take his part ?
 Think you I would one distich write
 T'exculpate a vile f——e ?
 No, on him let thy rage be hurl'd :
 No—lash him naked thro' the world :
 Expose in satire's keenest lays
 This skulking, damn'd, detested race.
 Hang up to publick scorn each brute
 Who dares Love's rites to prostitute :
 But never tax, in prose or rhyme,
 The guiltless with so black a crime.

Your hints to celebrated Garry
 Seem useless and unnecessary.
 Davy is— what ?—a man of prudence :
 Now mark what comment I obtrude-hence——
 He would deserve a cane, or thicker staff,
 To favour *in futuro* Bickerstaff :
 For should a brat the town be fibb'd on,
 Father'd by Paul, compil'd by Dibden,
 The secret could he hope to smother ?
 No ; it would out some time or other :
 Then hey ! what havock, rage and fury,
 Would reign tumultuous at old Drury !
 Down go the boxes ! up the benches !—
 The scenes are fir'd !—how great the stench is——

By

By h——! each British fair would fly out,
 And eager join the general riot:
 Wives, widows, maids, turn warlike Knights,
 T' avenge their *broken Bill of Rights*.
 'Twere just; for sure no *back-door* cub, like
 Vile Bick, should profit by the public.

Doctor, I mean this rhyming letter
 The last for which you'll be my debtor.
 In friendship's name I therefore crave you
 To make it up with injur'd *Davy*.
 Your heart of envious spleen a mass call,
 And own yourself a stand'rous rascal.
 Speak truth for once, and shame the Devil—
Shame, my old Friend? 'twould be uncivil!
 Pho! he'll excuse you on that score;
 You never made him *blush before*.

You think I'm Drury's stage-director.
 Upon my honour, mere conjecture!
 I've put on Benedick's disguise,
 To be conceal'd from critic spies;
 And Garrick knows no more than Bick,
 Or Ken, the name of

B E N E D I C K.

T O B E N E D I C K.

THUS costive bards themselves excuse,
 And lay the fault upon the muse;
 A flattern, rambling up and down,
 That, when they're dull, is out of town.

But, come, for once, we'll let it pass,
 A witling is sometimes an ass.